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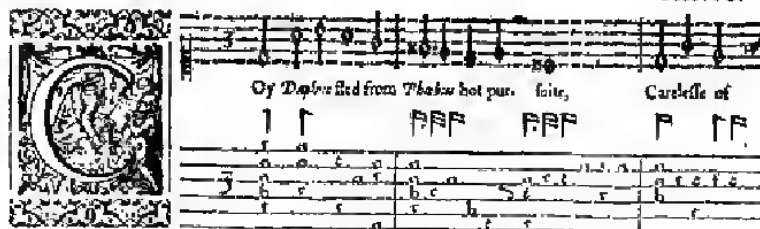
To M^r Anne Grene
the worthy Daughter to
S^r William Grene of Milton
Knight.

That which was onely privately compos'd,
For your delight, Faire Ornament of Worth;
Is here, come to bee publickly disclos'd:
And to an vniuersall view put forth.
Which having bene but yours and mine before,
(Or but of few besides) is made hereby
To bee the worlds: and yours and mine no more.
So that in this sort giving it to you,
I giue it from you, and therein doe wrong,
To make that, which in priuate was your due:
Thus to the world in common to belong,
And thereby may debase the estimate,
Of what perhaps did beare some price before:
For oft we see how things of slender rate,
Being vniuersally, are choicely held in store:
And rarer compositions once expos'd,
Are (as vniuersality of the world) condemn'd:
For what, but by their hauing bene disclos'd
To all, hath made all miseries contain'd.
And therefore why had it not bene knowne,
That Milton onely heard our melodie?
Where *Bards* and *Philomen* onely thow,
To Gods and men their hospitalitie:
And thenceunto a joyfull care afford,
In midst of their well welcom'd company:
Where wee (as Birds doe to themselves) record;
Might entertaine our prauice harmonie.
But fearing lest that time might haue beguild
You of your owne, and me of what was mine,
I did desire to haue it knowne my Child:
And for his right, to others I relinque
Though I might haue bene want'd by him, who is
Both neare and deare to mee, that what we giue
Vnto these times, we giue vnto thankfull eie,
And so without vnconstant censures, linc.
But yet these humours will no warning take,
Wee still must blame the fortune that wee make.
And yet herein wee doe adventure now,
For Ayme for Ayme, no danger can accrue,
They are but our refusalls wee bestow,
And wee thus cast the old thauie roome for new:
Which I must still address to your leamed hand,
Who mee and all I am, shall still command.

John Danyel.

L

CANTO.



Of Daphne fled from Phabus hot pur- suite, Careless of


Passion, sense- less of Remorse: What'd he com- plain'd his griefs, she rested

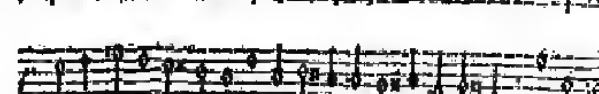
mute, He beg'd her stay, She still kept on her course, But what re- ward she had for this

you see, She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree. She rests transform'd,

ij. She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree.

She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree.



Of Daphne fled from Phabus hot pur- suite, Careless of

Passion, sense- less of Remorse: What'd he com- plain'd his griefs, she rested

mute, He beg'd her stay, She still kept on her course, But what re- ward she had for this

you see, She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree. She rests transform'd,

ij. She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree.

She rests trans- form'd a win- ter bea- ten tree.

*Of Daphne fled from Phabus hot pursuit,
Careless of Passion, senseless of Remorse:
What! hee complain'd his griefs shee rested more,
He beg'd her stay shee still kept on her course.
But what reward shee had for this you see,
Shee rests transform'd a winter beaten tree.*

The Answer.

*Chast Daphne fled from Phabus hot pursuit,
Knowing men's passions idle and of course:
And though he plain'd 'twas fit shee should be mure,
And honour would shee should keepe on her course:
For which faire deeds her Glory still wee see,
Shee rests still *Crene*, and so with I to bee.*

II

BASSO

II

CANTO.

Thou pretty Bird how do I see, thy filly state and mine agree,

For thou a prisoner art, so is my hart, Thou sing'st to her and so doe I address my

Musick to her eare, that's meriti- lesse. But here in doth, here in doth the dif- ference lie,

that thou art grac'd, so am not I. Thou sing'st be'll, sing'st, sing'st, sing'st be'll, and I must

ing ing dye. But herein, be,

Thou pretty Bird how doe I see,
Thy filly state and mine agree:
For thou a prisoner art,
So is my hart,
Thou sing'st to her and so doe I address,
My Musick to her eare that's meriti-
lesse: But herein doth the difference lie,
That thou art grac'd so am not I,
Thou sing'st be'll, and I must sing'st die.

III

BASSO

III

CANTO.

He whole de- fires are still are still a bread I see,
And therefore now come back come back my hart to me,

hath never a- ny peace at home the while, Rest a- lone, rest a- lone
it is but for lo- perfluous things we toyle, Honor wealth, Honor wealth

with thy selfe beall with- in, For what with- out thou get'st thou dost not
glor- ry fame are no such things, But that which from I- ma- gi- nation

win. High reaching power that seems to a- uer grow, doth creep but

on the earth, lies hild and low.

He whole desires are still abroad I see,
Hath never any peace at home the while
And therefore now come back my hart to me,
It is but for superfluous things we toyle.
Rest alone with thy selfe be all within,
For what without thou get'st thou dost not win.
Honour, wealth, glory, fame, are no such things,
But that which from imagination springs.
High reaching power that seems to over grow,
Doth creep but on the earth, lies hild and low.

III

CANTO.

Like as the Lute delights, delights, or else, or
 afflu- bleer, as is him that plies upon the time: So founds my Muse,
 it founds according as the strokes, On my hart strings high run'd, high
 run'd on. to her fame. Her tooth doth crosse the war- ble of the found, which
 here I yeeld in lamentable wifes: in lamentable wifes: men-
 as- ble wifes A way- ling defant is on the

9

like as the Lute:
 BASSO
 III

III

CANTO.

first: oft ground, Whole due reports, is, giust ho- nour to her eyes, Whole
 due re- ports, is, giust honour to her eyes, if a ny plea- ing,
 relish here I wif, Judge then the world her beauty the same,

III.

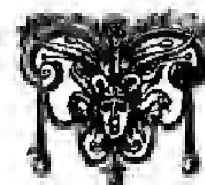
CANTO.

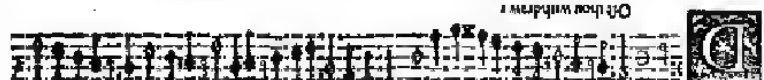
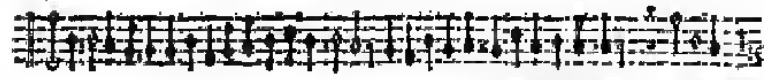
Give, Elfe hath my stile, vnmurable my Muse hoarse sounds, The voice that pray. feth
 nor her stung, For no ground elfe, for no ground elfe could make the Musick
 feth, Nor other hand could give so sweet a touch, could give so sweet a
 touch. For no, &c.



BASSO
 III

Like as the Lute delights or elfe dislikes,
 As is his art that playes vpon the same:
 So sounds my Muse according as free strikes
 On my hart strings high and vnto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 Which here I yeeld in lamentable stile:
 A wayling descent on the sweetest ground,
 Whose due reports gives honour to her eyes.
 If any pleasing relish here I vse,
 Then lodge the world her beautie gives the same:
 Elfe hath my stile vnmurable my Muse,
 Hoarse sounds the voice that praifeth not her name.
 For no ground elfe could make the Musick feth,
 Nor other hand could give so sweet a touch.

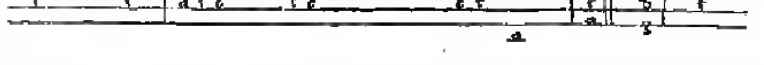
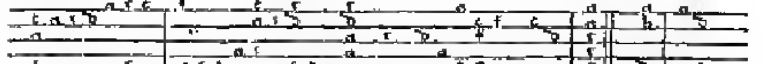
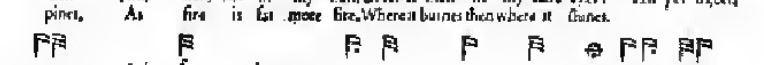
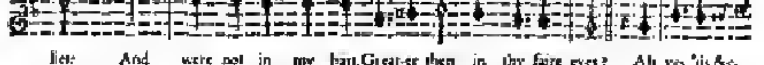
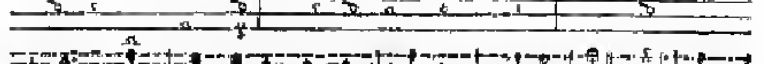
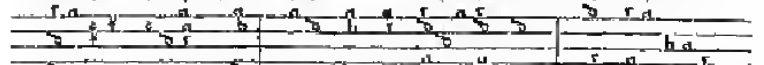
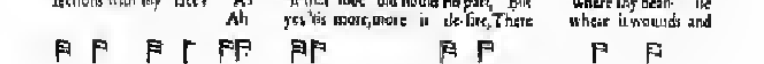
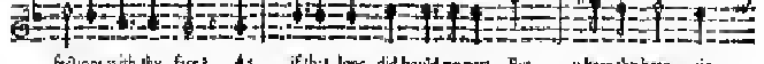
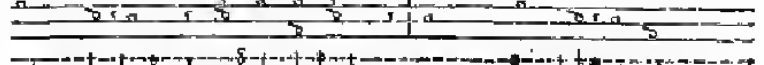
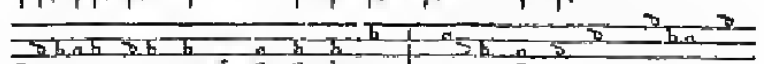
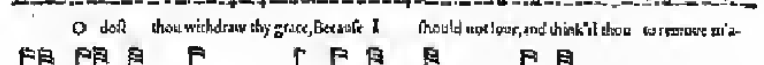
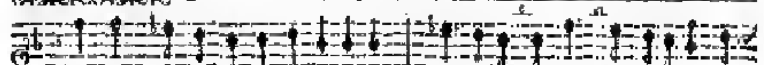
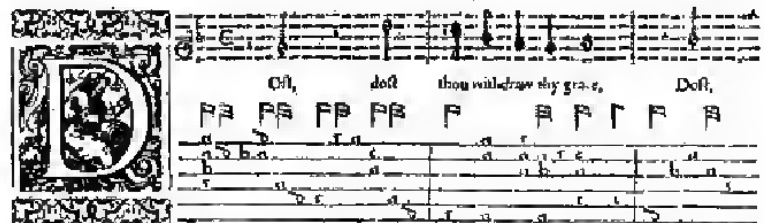




BASSO.

V.

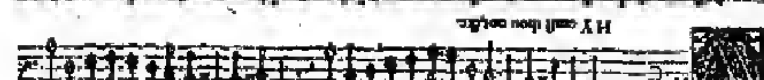
CANTO.



Doſt thou withdraw thy grace,
For that I ſhould not love:
And think'ſt thou reſemous,
My affections with thy face?

As if that love did build no part,
But where thy beauty lies:
And were not in my hart,
Greater then in thy face eyes?

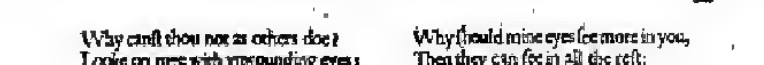
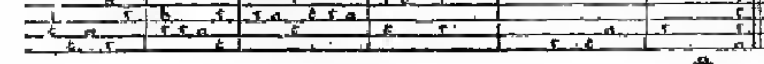
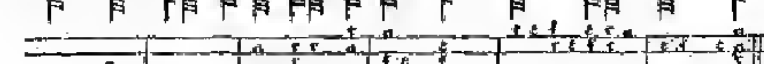
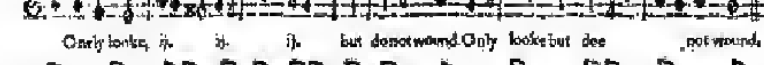
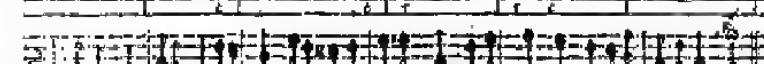
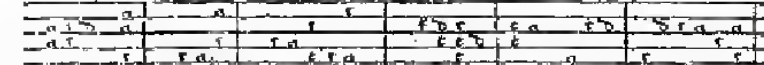
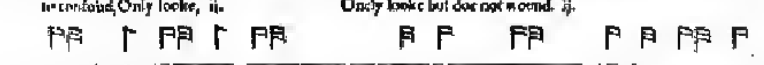
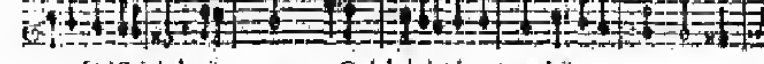
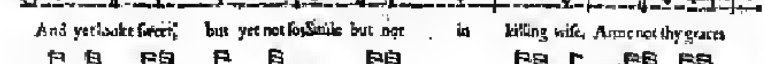
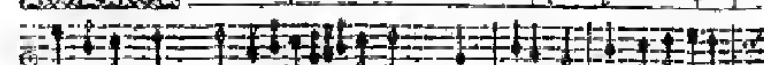
Ah yes tis more, more is deſire,
There where it wounds and pineth:
As fire is farre more fire,
Where it burnes then where it ſhineth.



BASSO.

VI.

CANTO.

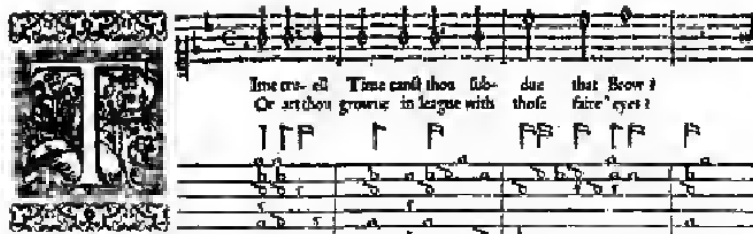


Why canſt thou not as others doe?
Look on mee with wounding eyes:
And yet lookeſt ſee that yet not ſoe,
Soſte but not in killing wiſe.
Arme not thy graces to confound,
Only looke but doe not wound.

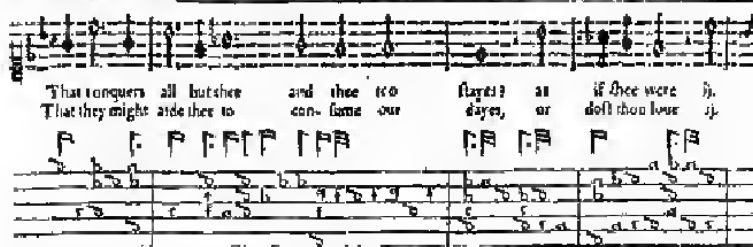
Why ſhould mine eyes ſee more in you,
Then they can ſee in all the reſt:
For I can others beauties vieſ,
And not finde my hart oppreſſ.
O bee as others are to mee,
Or let mee, bee more to thee.

VIII

CANTO.



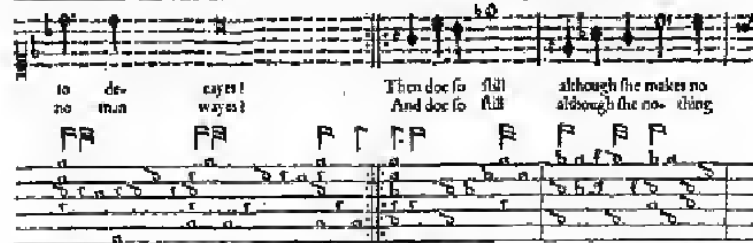
Time cr- all Time canst thou sub- due that brow?
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes?



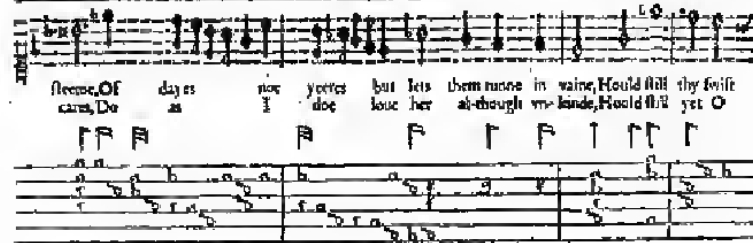
That conquers all but thee and thee too stayes?
That they might aide thee to con- sume our dayes, or dost thou loue



exempt from Scith as flow, From Love and yeeres vn-sub- iect
her for her cru- el- ties, Being mis- ci- less like thee that



to de- cays? Then doe so still although she makes no
no man wayes? And doe so still although she no- thing



freene, Of dayes nor yeeres but lets them runne in vaine, Would still thy swift
care, Do as I doe loue her although vn- kinde, Would still yet O




BASSO VIIA

Time cruel time canst thou sub-due that brow,
That conquers all but thee, and thee too stayes:
As if thee were exempt from scyth or bow,
From Love and yeeres vnsubiect to decayes,
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes,
That they might help thee to consume our dayes,
Or dost thou loue her for her cruelties,
Being merelless like thee that no man wayes?
Then doe so still although she makes no steere,
Of dayes nor yeeres, but lets them run in vaine:
Would still thy swift wing'd hours that wondrous seeme
To gaze on her, euen to turne back againe.
And doe so still although she nothing cares,
Doe as I doe, loue her although vnkinde,
Would still yet O I feare at vnawares,
Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kinde.



wing'd hours that won- dring seeme, To gaze on her euen to turne
I feare at vn- wares, Thou wilt be- guile her though thou

back- a- And doe so, &c.
seem'st so kinde.

M^{rs} M. E. her Remembrance for the death of her husband. IX. The first part. CANTO.

Griefe, Griefe, keeps within and Gorne, so show but teares,

Since Joy can weepe as well as thou, Disdaine to fight for so can slender cares, Which
but from idle causes grow, Doe not looke forth vn-lesse thou didst know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art, And onely let
my hart, i) my hart, i) That knowes the reason why,

Riefe keep within and looke vnlesse thou didst know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art,
And onely let my hart,
That knowes more reason why,
Pyn, fust, consume, swell, burst and dye.

BASSO. IX

Griefe keep within and looke vnlesse thou didst know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art,
And onely let my hart,
That knowes more reason why,
Pyn, fust, consume, swell, burst and dye.

Pine, Fust, Con-sume, Swell, Burst and
Dye. Swell, Burst and Dye.

The second part

X

CANTO.

D Rep. it. drop not, it. O drop not mine eyes,
 nor trickle, trickle downe so fast, nor trickle downe so fast, nor
 trickle, trickle downe so fast, For say you could doe oft be fore,
 In our sad fare well and sweet meetings past, And shall his death, ah shall
 his death now leave us there? Can nig-gard for- row yeeld no o- ther
 store, To shew the plenty of af- flict- ion smart, Then only

C Rep not mine eyes
 VASSO

D Rep not mine eyes nor Trickle downe so fast,
 For so you could doe oft before,
 In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past,
 And shall his death now have no more?
 Can niggard sorrow yeeld no other store?

To shew the plenty of affliction smart,
 Then only thou poore hart,
 That knowst more reason why,
 Paine, Fret, Confusion, Sorrow, Burst and Dye.

thou poore hart, it. poore hart, it. That knowst more rea- son
 why, Paine, Fret, Con- fusion, Sorrow, Burst, and
 Dye. Paine, Fret, Confusion, Sorrow, Burst and Dye, Sorrow, Burst and Dye.

F

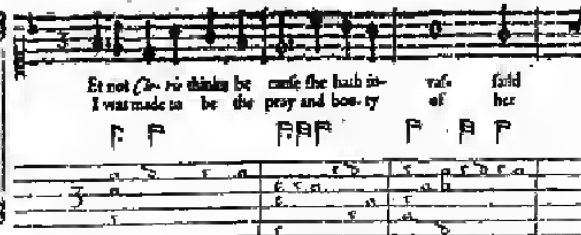
Have all our passions
 Have all our passions certain proper vents,
 And sorrow none that is her own?
 But she must borrow others complements,
 Are loves delights and deathes compassion shewne,
 With one like face and one lamenting part:
 Then only

VASSA

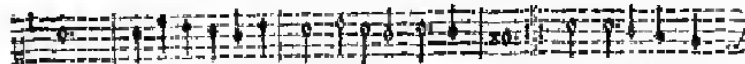
IX

Have all our passions certain proper vents,
 Are loves delights and deathes compassion shewne,
 With one like face and one lamenting part:
 Then only thou poore hart that know'st more reason why,
 To make her inward feelings knowne? Pine, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst, and Dye.

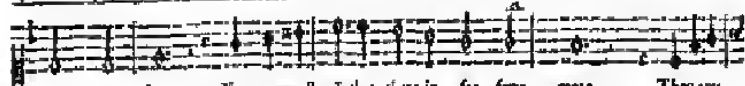
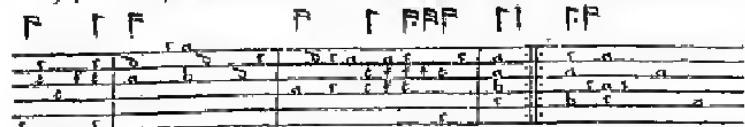
thou poore hart, if poore hart, if that know'st more reason why,
 Pine, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst, and Dye.



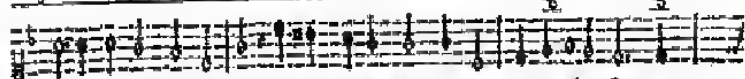
Et not /- is think be made the hath in- safe fold
I was made to be the pray and boe-ry of her



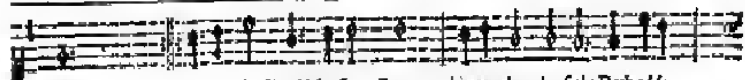
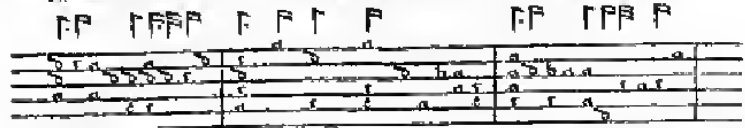
mee, That her beauty can give lawes to others that are free: Though others may her
eye, In my bosome the may say, by her greates kingdome lyes. I can de-ceive more



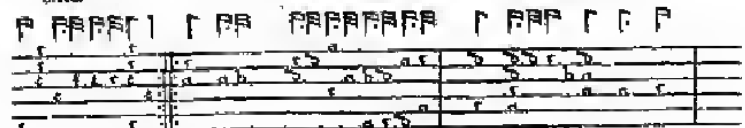
brow a- dore, Yet more must I that therein see farre more, Then any
fe- cret notes. That in the margine of her cheekes Love quotes, Then any



others eyes have power to see, She is to mee, More then to any others the can
the be sides have art to read, No looke proceed, From those faire eyes but to me won- der



bee. O then why, Should she flye, From him to whom her sight, Doth ad to



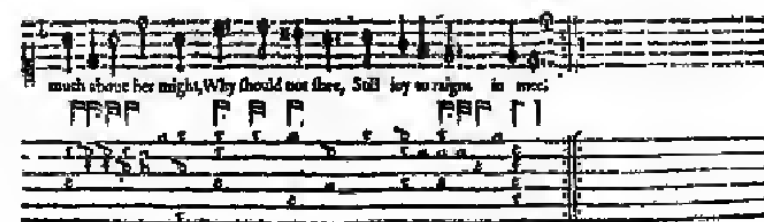
BASSO.

TIX

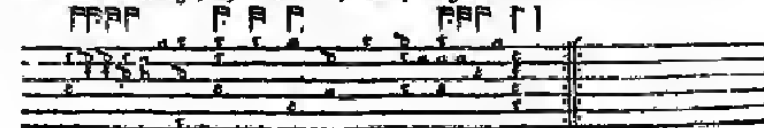
Et not /- is think be made the hath in- safe fold
I was made to be the pray, And boe-ry of her eyes:
In my bosome the may say,
Her greates kingdome lyes.

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more must I that therein see farre more,
Then any others eyes have power to see,
She is to mee
More then to any others the can see.
I can de-ceive more secret notes,
That in the margine of her cheekes Love quotes:
Then any else besides have art to read,
No looke proceed,
From those faire eyes but to mee wonder breed.

O then why,
Should she flye,
From him to whom her sight,
Doth ad to much about her might:
Why should not shee,
Still loy to raigne in mee?



much about her might, Why should not shee, Still loy to raigne in mee:

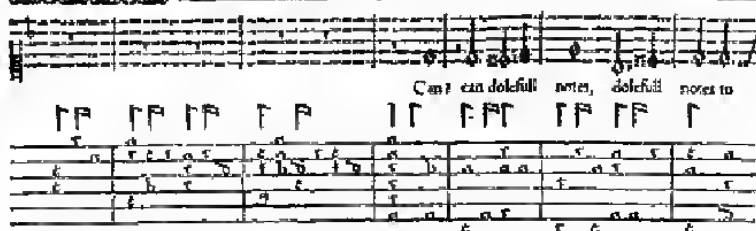




An dolefull notes, &c.



Can? can dolefull notes, dolefull notes to

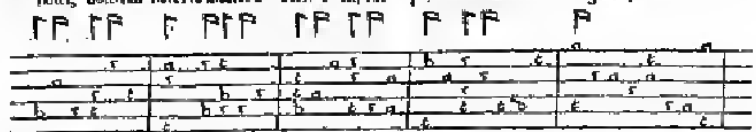


measur'd accents let,

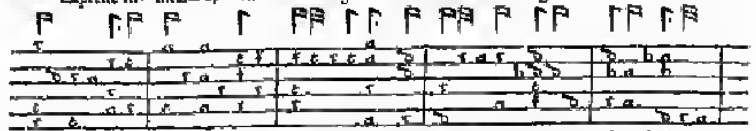
Can? can dolefull



notes, dolefull notes to measur'd accents let, Ex- presse vn-meas- sur'd griefes,

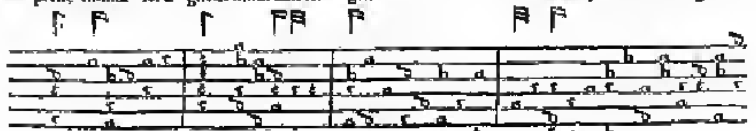


Expresse vn- measur'd, vn- measur'd griefes which time for- get. Ex-



presse vn-meas- sur'd griefes which time for- get.

which time, which time forget



An dolefull notes, &c.



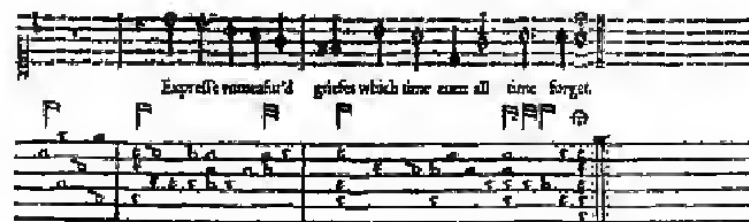
BASSO.

XIII



An dolefull Notes to measur'd accents let,

Expresse vnmeasur'd griefes that tyme forget?



Expresse vnmeasur'd griefes which time ever all time forget.

The second part.

XIII

CANTO



O let Chromatique tunes
Chro- matique tunes hath without ground, Bee
tunes most like my passions found, Chrom- matique tunes most like,
most like my passions found, most like, &c. still like, &c.



COSSA

THIX

NO let Chromatique Tunes hath without ground, Chromatique Tunes most like my passions found,
Be fullayne Musique for a Tune like hath: As if combynd to heare their falling part.

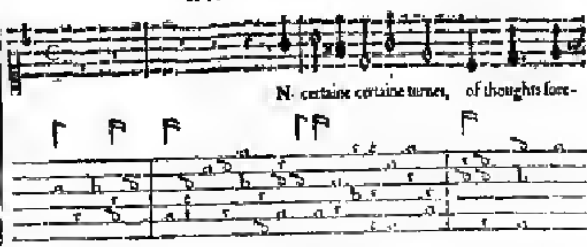


Chro- ma- tique tunes most like my passions found,
most like, &c. still, &c. Chromatique tunes most like my
passions found, As if com- binde to heare their falling
part. As if combynd to heare their fal- ling part.

The third part.

XV.

CANTO.



BASSO.

XV.



N. certain certain turns, of thoughts forecall,
Bring backe the same, then dye and dying last.



Hal.

Yes looke no more, for what both all the earth that's
Cloth thee my hart, with blacke darker thoughts and thinke but

worth the light, Eareheare no more for what can breath the voyce of true de-
of del- pairs, St- teare locke vp my words and skorne these idle founds of

lights
ayes.

Think, think, Glo-ry, Honour, Joyes, De- light, Contents,
But, but Sorrow, Griefe, Aff- liction, and Despaire,

are but the stop- tie re- ports, Of vna-pro-pri- ed termes that breath inuent, not knowing
these are the things that are sure, And these we take not as conceyts in th'ayre, but as the

what is im- ports, Joyes, Delights and Pleasures in vs hold
port, we en- dore, Joyes, Delights and Pleasures makes grieke to

such a doubt- full pen, As if they were but thral, and those were all in all,
re- nize vs woe, Our minn brings but distastes for nought delights and lasses,

Yes looke no more, for what both all the earth that's
Cloth thee my hart, with blacke darker thoughts and thinke but

worth the light, Eareheare no more for what can breath the voyce of true de-
of del- pairs, St- teare locke vp my words and skorne these idle founds of

lights
ayes.

Think, think, Glo-ry, Honour, Joyes, De- light, Contents,
But, but Sorrow, Griefe, Aff- liction, and Despaire,

are but the stop- tie re- reports, Of vna-pro-pri- ed termes that breath inuent, not knowing
these are the things that are sure, And these we take not as conceyts in th'ayre, but as the

what is im- ports, Joyes, Delights and Pleasures in vs hold
port, we en- dore, Joyes, Delights and Pleasures makes grieke to

such a doubt- full pen, As if they were but thral, and those were all in all,
re- nize vs woe, Our minn brings but distastes for nought delights and lasses,

BASSO

TAX

Eyes looke no more, for what both all the earth that's worth the light
Fares heere no more, for what can breath the voyce of true Delight
Cloth thee my hart, with dark black thoughts, and think but of dispaire,
Silence lock vp my words, and scorne these idle founds of Ayre.

Think, Glory, Honour, Joyes, Delights, Contents,
Are but the empty reports
Of vnappropried termes that breath inuent,
Not knowing what it imports.

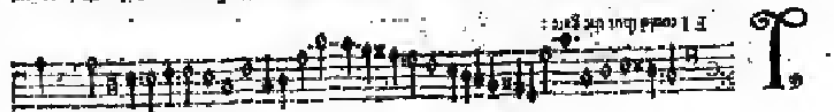
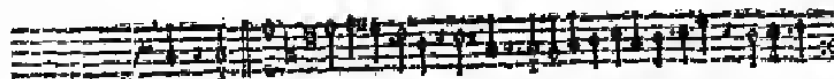
But Sorrow, Griefe, Affliction, and Despaire,
These are the things that are sure,
And these we take not as conceyts in th'ayre,
But as the same we endure.

Joyes, delight, and pleasures in vs hold such a doubtfull part,
As if they were but thral,
And those were all in all,

For Griefes, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must domineere the hart.
Joyes, Delights, and Pleasures, makes grieke to nuanize vs woe,
Our minn brings but distastes:
For nought delights and lasses,
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none seeing there needs less force.

For Griefe, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must do- mi- neere the
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none seeing there needs less

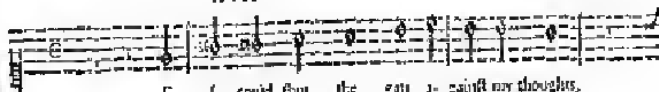
such a doubt- full pen, As if they were but thral, and those were all in all,
re- nize vs woe, Our minn brings but distastes for nought delights and lasses,



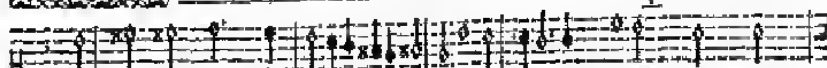
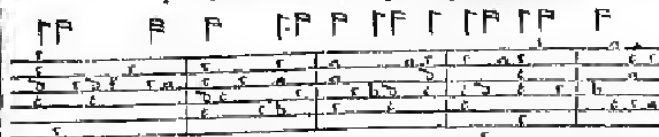
BASSO.

XVII.

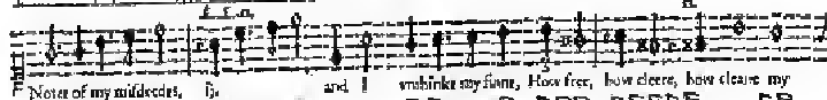
CANTO.



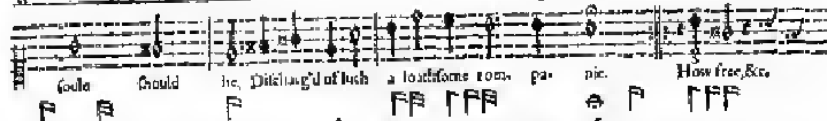
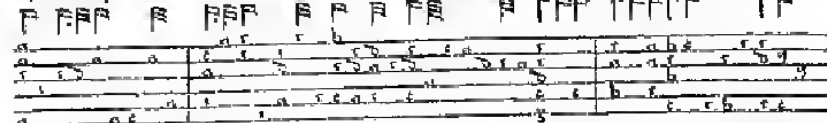
If I could shut the gates against my thoughts,



And keep out from my room this noise within, Or memory could cancel all the



Notes of my misdeeds, and I wish mine my sins, How free, how clear, how clean my



Guilt should be, Discharg'd of such a loathsome company. How free, how

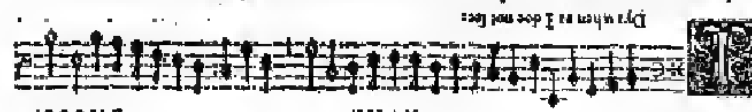


If I could shut the gates against my thoughts,
And keep out from my room this noise within:
Or memory could cancel all the notes,
Of my misdeeds and I wish mine my sins,
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should be,
Discharg'd of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other rooms without my heart,
That did not to my confidence joyntly near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart,

That I might not their clamorous crying heart,
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Free'd from their horrors that my soul oppress.

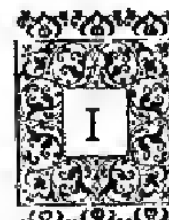
But O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
Let thy dear merciful hand visit them and me;
And be the wall to separate my heart,
So that I may at length repose me free:
That peace and joy and rest may be within,
And I remain devoted from my sins.



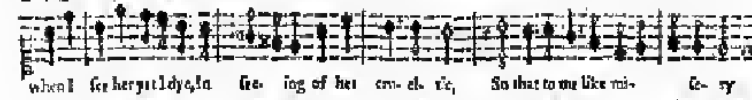
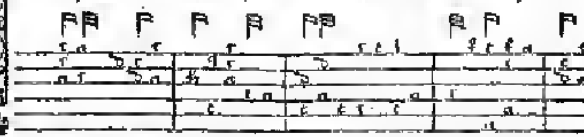
BASSO.

XVIII.

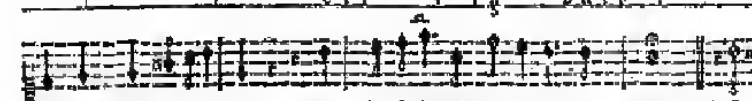
CANTO.



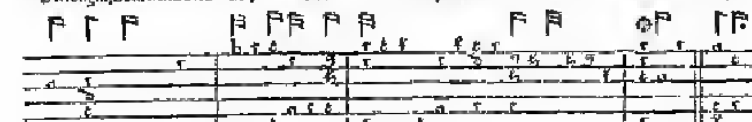
Dye when as I do not see, Her that is life and all to me, And



when I see her yet I dye, In seeing of her cruelty, So that to me like mine



is wrought, Both when I see her, Both when I see, and when I see her not. So, &c.

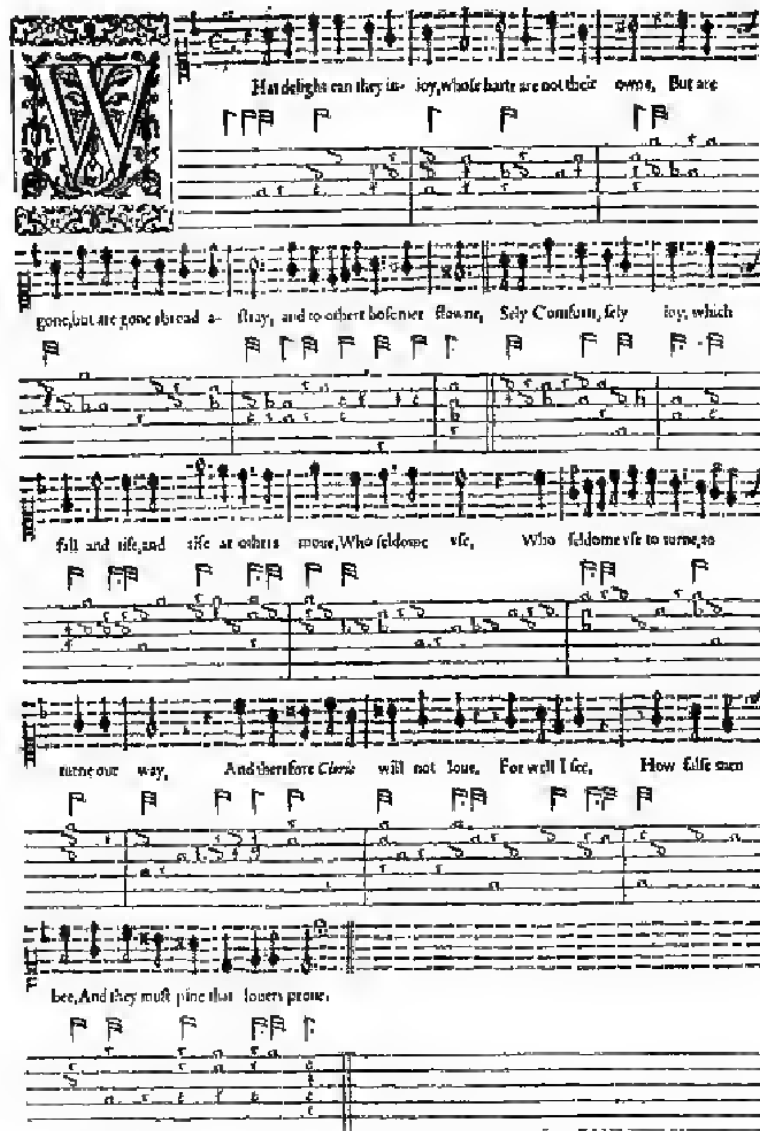


Dye when as I do not see
Her that is life and all to me,
And when I see her yet I dye,
In seeing of her cruelty:
So that to me like mine is wrought,
Both when I see and when I see her not.

Or shall I speak of silent grief,
Yet who will silence release?
And if I speak I may offend,
And speaking out my heart will needs
So that I see to me it is all one,
Speak I or speak I not, I am undone.

XIX.

CANTO Primo.



W hat delight can they enjoy, whose hearts are not their owne, But are
gone, but are gone abroad a- way, and to others becomen flowne, Silly comforts, feely
loy, which
fall and rise, and rise at others moue, Who feldome vfe, Who feldome vfe to turne, to
turne our way, And therefore Cleve will not loue. For well I see, How false men
be, And they must pine that louers proue.

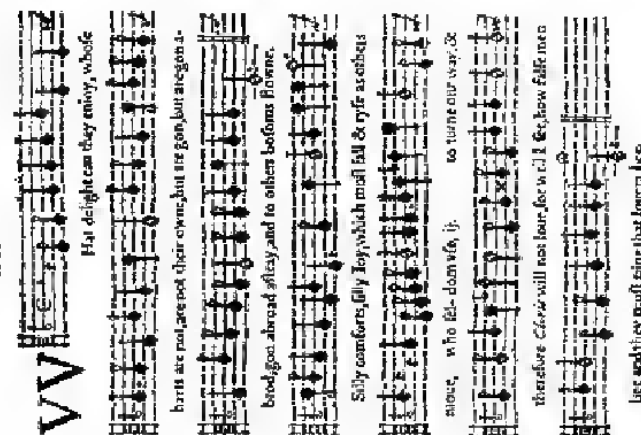
W hat delight can they enjoy,
Whose hearts are not their owne?
But are gon abroad a way,
And to others becomen flowne.

Silly comforts, feely loy,
Which fall and rise as others moue,
Who feldome vfe to turne our way,
And therefore Cleve will not loue:
For well I see,
How false men be,
And let them pine that Louers proue.



W hat delight can they enjoy, whose hearts are not their owne, But are gon abroad a-
way, and to others becomen flowne. Silly comforts, feely loy, which fall and rise, and rise at others moue,
who feldome vfe, who feldome vfe to turne, to turne our way, and therefore Cleve will not
loue. For well I see, how false men be, and they must pine that louers proue.

XIX. BASSO.



W hat delight can they enjoy, whose
hearts are not their owne, but are gon abroad a-
way, and to others becomen flowne.
Silly comforts, feely loy, which fall & rise as others
moue, who feldome vfe, to turne our way, &
therefore Cleve will not loue for well I see, how false men
be, and they must pine that louers proue.

XIX.

ALTO.



W hat delight can they enjoy, whose hearts are not their owne, But are gon, but are gon abroad a-
way, And to others becomen flowne. Silly comforts, feely loy, which fall & rise, & rise at others moue,
who feldome vfe, vfe to turne, doe feldome turne our way, and therefore Cleve will not loue,
For well I see how false men be, then pine that louers be.



On the earth, &c.

Now the earth, the skies, the

Aire, All things faire, the Skies, Earth and Aire, the Earth, Skies, Aire, and all things faire, Now the

Earth, the Skies, the Aire, Earth, Skies, and Aire, all things faire, Seemes now borne downe downe like a

Whilft the returning spring, loyes each thing, Whilft the returning spring, loyes each

XX FENORE

N
On the Earth, the Shinye Aye,
All things are, the Early, the Shinye,
Aye, all things are, all Early,
Some seem borned thoughts I find,
the Spring, Joye each thing, it
the Spring Joye each

[illegible]

XX. BASSO.

Ow the Earth, the Skie, the Ayre,
All things live, the Store and all things fare,
Seem new borne thoughts thine,
Whilst the re-ve-nant sings.

4.

TENORE.

[illegible]

CANTO Primo.

thing And blasted hopes, blasted hopes re- notes. When I a- lone, when only I a- lone, a-

lose. Left to none, Find no times better, I find no times better for mine, No flowers, no Meadow,

No Meadow springs, No Bird sings, i. But notes of mil-le-ry. i. No

flowers, no Meadow springs, i. No Bird sings, But

notes of mil-ry, and fe- ry. No Bird sings, But notes, but notes of mil- fe- ry.

**XZ-
BASSO.**

XX. BASSO.

thing, & bluffed hopes serene: Only I alone,
I alone, left to roam, find no time born,
find no time born for me. No flowers, no fountains,
no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of
mild y. No flowers, no Bays,
no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of
mild y. h. but notes of mild y.

CANTO SCILABO.

XX.

thing, & bluffed hopes serene: Only I alone,
I alone, left to roam, find no time born,
find no time born for me. No flowers, no fountains,
no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of
mild y. No flowers, no Bays,
no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of
mild y. h. but notes of mild y.

4 3 + 1 2 3 2 + 2

A. direction for the ur-
ning of the L. etc.

Handwritten musical score for the left page, featuring multiple staves with notes and rests. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Handwritten musical score for the right page, featuring multiple staves with notes and rests. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.



THE TABLE.

O Y Daphne God :	I.
Thou pretty Bird :	II.
Hee whose delight :	III.
Lyke as the Lute :	III.
Say cruell stay :	V.
Dost thou withdraw :	VI.
Why canst thou now :	VII.
Tyme cruell tyme :	VIII.
Griefe keepe within :	IX.
Drop not mine Eies :	X.
Haue all our passions :	XI.
Let not <i>Chorus</i> think :	XII.
Candolefull notes :	XIII.
No, let Chromatique tunes :	XIII.
Vncertaine certaine tunes :	XV.
Eies looke no more :	XVI.
If I could shut the gate :	XVII.
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What delight can they enjoy :	XIX.
Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre :	XX.
Mr <i>Anne Greene</i> her hautes bet greene.	XXI.

FINIS.